

THE RISING SON.

LEWIS WOODS, Business Manager.

Published Every Week

RISING SON PUBLISHING CO

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Six months	.75
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One month	.15

Entered at the Post Office at Kansas City, as Second Class Matter.

Correspondents wanted in every city and town in this state. Write us. All news matter intended for publication should reach our office not later than Tuesday, of each week and must be signed by the writer not for publication, but as guarantee of authenticity.

OFFICE: No. 117 West Sixth St., Kansas City, Mo.

Advertising Rates.

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For one inch, each subsequent insertion	.15
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For two inches, each subsequent insertion	.20
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For two inches, three months	8.00
For two inches, six months	12.00
For two inches, twelve months	20.00

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IN KANSAS CITY.

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The paid circulation of THE RISING SON is more than double the combined circulation of all the other Kansas City Colored weekly newspapers.

Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1903.

Office of the Postmaster, Publishers, Rising Son, Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

In response to your inquiry, I beg to say your publication is duly entered as second class matter at this office and regularly mailed.

Very respectfully,

J. H. HARRIS, Postmaster.

The Rising Son is the only paper published by Colored people in Kansas City, Mo., that is entered at the post office as second class mail.

The Son notices that J. W. Wheeler, the Palladium man, has stopped fighting and settled down to business.

To the Public:

After much consideration with the best thinkers and leaders of the West, and in accordance with their opinions and desires, we have decided to hold annually at Western University, a Chautauqua Assembly, to discuss problems affecting the welfare of the race. The purpose of the movement will be to assist in securing and promoting "The unity and uplift of the race."

The Chautauqua will comprehend the following departments: Educational, Professional, Woman's Clubs, Business, Industrial and Agricultural. Successful farmers, mechanics, business men, and women interested in club work, ministers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, musicians and men of all professions, in short all who are striving to rise and assist their fellows, are invited to be present.

Individuals successful in any walk of life are requested to be present and to participate in the discussions of the session. A synopsis of the program will be published later.

The first annual session will be held on the University grounds, Commencement week, May 25, 26 and 27, 1903.

It is desired that we may have the hearty co-operation and support of all people in this effort to secure the advancement of the cause of the Negro. For further information write

W. T. VERNON, Chair, Executive Com.
J. N. GARRETT, Sec.

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Well, yes, I am considered cross, cranky and crabby by some musicians and some of my patrons. I paid the boys \$2.50 per evening. This I considered very good, as I usually give no later than 12:30. They should be at the academy at eight o'clock. Although the crowd does not come until eight-thirty and nine o'clock, that is not their business. They are getting pay for their time and should be in their places to play whenever requested. But they come late, go across the street, drink until drunk, and if I say anything to them, they tell their parents I am cross, cranky and crabby. I do not care anything about such remarks, but I desire to have the public know that my transactions are fair to all. I cannot afford to allow whiskey and beer carried into the academy, and no lady or gentleman should expect to do such.

I can point with pride to many young ladies and gentlemen who have married from our public dances, and are living together and doing well. All I ask and all I have ever asked of my patrons is that they use no vulgar or profane language in the academy, do no vulgar dancing or carry whiskey or beer into the hall. I kindly solicit public inspection and public criticism.

D. A. WILLIS, Proprietor and Manager.

SCAPEGUAT.

O Night Wind, who dost beat about my way,
Be thou the scapegoat of my mispent day,
For ill I've done, for good I've by,
I put my hands upon the buoyant air,
To thee transfer my guilt, commit my care,
And bid thee to the desert fly.

Seek thou some waste bespread of sand
Or show,
Where men dwell not, nor birds; nor
flowers grow,
Where winds themselves to silence die.

Or find some deaf-walled, sightless cave,
Molded of ancient fire or hewn by wave,
And there my past transgressions cry:
So shall I rise, when next the Great High Priest
Shall light the day's burnt offering in the East.
To strive again—facing the sky,
—John Finley in Century.

True History of a "Special"

The editor had declared in emphatic terms that there must be a change for the better. "What the Thornton Daily Times needs above all else," he had insisted, "is feature stuff—local feature stuff. We are getting all the news, but there's lots of good feature material in this town that's going to waste." And every reporter on the paper had to exert himself to his utmost toward attaining the much desired end.

Sanderson, one of the "specials," felt that he was at the end of his string, as he expressed it, and when the editor requested him to prepare a good column feature for next Saturday's paper the little reporter's jaw dropped despairingly.

"What in the name of all that's green-eyed am I to do?" he groaned to himself.

Sandy's desperate eye chanced to alight upon a big photograph leaning against a drawer of the sporting editor's desk—a photograph of the celebrated race horse "Billy Boy."

Quick as a flash of lightning Sandy remembered something, and the recollection was as a life-preserver to a drowning man. He remembered the story of "The Jockey Who Rode Whilst Asleep," to quote the headline that appeared over his article in the Times on the following day. The story had been told him several years before, and Sandy had never published it on account of a promise he had given—a promise to wait until the jockey in question (an intimate friend of the trainer) had retired from the turf before making the matter public property.

Sandy sat up in his chair very suddenly.

"Dick!" he called across the room to the sporting editor, "what's become of the jockey Tommy Paxton?"

"Dead," said the sporting editor.

"Died last season,"

His typewriter was ready for business in the twinkling of an eye. A good "special" at last!

And without more ado he bent himself to his job, and was soon tapping out his afterward famous story of the jockey who, being worn out on account of sitting awake for two nights by the bedside of his sick mother, went to sleep while riding in a great turf event and did not wake up until the race was lost.

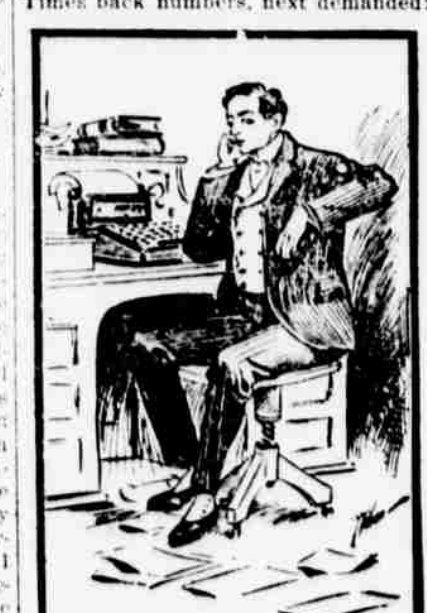
The Times had never published before—and, I'm sure, has never published since—a better special article than that. The editor, true to his policy, had nothing to say by way of approval, but Sandy knew that he was pleased, nevertheless, and so were most of the staff.

The next day the editor wished to see him.

"Ah, Sanderson," began the editor, gazing sharply at the little reporter through his nose glasses, "where did you get that story of yours about the jockey who rode whilst asleep?"

"Why, from the horse-trainer, Dan Poulter," he answered.

The editor, picking up his file of Times back numbers, next demanded:



"What in the name of all that's green-eyed am I to do?" he groaned.

"And you wrote the story on the 2d day of March?"

"I did," said Sandy. He was conscious that the eyes of two visitors were scrutinizing him closely.

The editor had by this time come across the paper he wanted.

"If you had an interview with Dan Poulter on March 2, there's no doubt, of course, that he was in town on March 2?"

"Of course, there can be no doubt of it," he replied, without a blush.

The editor turned to the two callers.

"Is there anything that you would

like to ask him, gentlemen?" he inquired.

The man who held the paper, and who had been scanning the article in question, shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Thanks, Sanderson; that'll be about all."

Sandy overheard the editor's query, "Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" and the answer of one of the men, "Yes, we're satisfied that we were on the wrong scent."

II.

Sandy was sorely puzzled. Who were the two strangers? But Sandy did not have to wait long for enlightenment. Judge of his state of mind when, three days later, he read the following telegraph news item:

"The mystery surrounding the murder of the gambler James Paxton is growing deeper. It is understood that a well-known horse-trainer was suspected of the crime. It will be remembered that the murder occurred early in the morning of March 2. It now transpires that the man who was believed to be the murderer was in another town, over four hundred miles away, on the day of the tragedy, and that it was impossible that he could have had anything to do with the killing of Paxton."

Poor Sandy!

"That's what comes of trifling with the truth," he groaned. "If Dan Poul-



"I am as innocent of that crime as you are."

ter did kill that man I am his accomplice in crime, for that mistake of mine is shielding him from justice."

And to make matters worse he remembered that the horse-trainer was a man of fiery temper—a man who was always ready to fight if he believed himself imposed upon.

For many days Sandy's mind was a whirlpool of troubled thought.

"Would it do anybody any good to tell the truth about that feature story? Would it do anybody any harm? Yes, it was bound to do somebody harm, no matter what bearing it might have on the murder case. It would do Sandy harm. For Sandy would be dismissed."

He sat gloomily at his desk. At last, with a quick, nervous movement, he pushed pens, ink, and paper away from him. "No use! No use!" he muttered, starting to his feet. "I can't write. It's all up with me. I'll go and tell the chief the whole wretched truth—make a clean breast of it. What's Dan Poulter to me? I'll just—"

But at this point he sat down again very suddenly. For who should walk into the room at that moment but Dan Poulter himself!

The horse-trainer, without a word, extended his hand. Sandy grasped it hesitatingly. Then Poulter drew up a chair, and sat down beside the reporter.

"Sandy," he said, "you're the most magnificent diplomatist in the country, and I admire you immensely. You and your stupendous prevarications have done me an inestimable service. I am as innocent of that crime as you are. I never shot Paxton."

As the horse-trainer uttered these words he became as solemn as a judge.

"Now, listen, Sandy. I was in Burton on the morning of that murder. Nobody knew I was there but my partner, for I was ill in bed. When that sad business occurred I knew that I would be suspected. I laid low. Then my attention was called to that story of yours which was going the rounds of the newspapers—that story about the jockey who rode asleep, in which you stated—a trick of your trade, I suppose—that I was in this town on the 2d of March. Sandy," and the horse-trainer paused long enough to send another cloud of tobacco-smoke on a journey to the ceiling, "that story was my salvation. And just before I left Plymouth I heard they'd got the man who did it."

"Last week I won five thousand on Johnson's three-year-old Billy Boy. By George, Sandy, that horse is a wonder! Well, if it hadn't been for you I couldn't have won the money, for it's been to one I'd have been in jail. Half that five thousand is yours by rights, Sandy, and there it is!"

And he placed on Sandy's desk a bulky roll of crisp banknotes.

Too Big For the French.

When Benjamin Franklin went as our first minister to France, he thought it the thing to get him a "court dress." He went to the wig maker for a better style, but the little Frenchman hadn't a wig large enough for Franklin's big head, and, fearing that he would lose the sale, he flew into a passion about it. Franklin soothed him by saying, "Oh, it isn't your fault, nor the wig's; my head is too big."

"Yes, yes," said the Frenchman; "I'm a fraud your head is too big for the whole French nation."

Fact s

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A Timely Remittance.
Before a West Australian police court recently the "scion of an old English family" was charged with having insufficient means of support. He was remanded, and while he was in the lockup \$500 was cabled him from the old country. When the case was next called accused explained wearily that the money was a first installment of several thousand dollars which had been left him by an uncle. He was discharged.

Hereditary Instincts.
It is a fact well established by the student of heredity that children are apt to inherit not only the physical, mental and moral traits of their parents, but to be influenced by their age as well. According to the Family Doctor children born of very young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are, if we may so term it, born old.

The First Use of Needles.
The first needle used in England was made in Queen Mary's reign by a negro, who unfortunately died before imparting the secret to anyone, says Home Notes. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the art of needle-making was rediscovered by a German, who imparted it to an Englishman.

Divorcees Spend Much Money.
It is estimated persons seeking divorce in South Dakota spend, while gaining residence for that purpose, \$900,000 a year.

Prominent Free-Seller Dead.
Milton M. Fisher of Medway, Mass., prominent in the free soil party in anti-slavery days, is dead.

Prints Wireless Telegraphy News.
The London Times prints daily dispatches by Marconigraph.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

Statement as made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business Feb. 6, 1903.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$5,981,798.36
U. S. Bonds at par	\$ 528,000.00
Municipal Bonds at par	327,441.14
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,180,685.29
	5,081,126.43
Total	\$11,012,944.79
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$ 600,000.00
Surplus Fund	300,000.00
Undivided profits	78,771.60
Uncared interest	94,988.00
National Bank Notes Outstanding	428,000.00
Deposits	9,516,170.17
	\$11,012,944.79

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Record for Woman Hunter.
Mrs. Donnett, wife of an English army officer, a slender young American woman, has the distinction of shooting the largest tiger ever killed in India. It measured 10 feet 8 inches in length. She has killed two tigers, four panthers, four bears, eight boars and several other wild beasts.

The Auto's Only Master.
Sandow, the strong man, has become an automobile enthusiast. The machine needs men of his type. He ought to be able to seize it by the neck when it starts to climb telegraph poles or turn handspikes backward along the road.

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The London Times prints daily dispatches by Marconigraph.

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